

THE ANDOVER TOWNSMAN

Andover, everywhere and always, first, last,—the manly, straight-forward, sober, patriotic, New England Town.—*PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

VOL. I.

ANDOVER, MASS., MAY 4, 1888.

NO. 30

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ANDOVER, MASS.

Summary of Daily News.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27.

Emperor Frederick begins to eat beef, and stops drinking beer—another point in his favor.

Queen Victoria home again from a foreign shore.

The Massachusetts Club commemorates General Grant's birthday at the Vendome. Hall in Rushsylvania, O. breaks down during a school exhibition; two ladies killed, and fifty persons injured.

Passenger train robbed in Mexico by fourteen highwaymen; cavalry on their track.

Fires: buildings on Alvah Bennett estate, Methuen, \$6,000; in satin mill at Oxford; 600 acres of pine land burned over in Plymouth—incendiary.

Cutter, the would-be Melrose murderer of his brother-in-law, found guilty before preliminary court, and committed, in default of bail, to Cambridge jail.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28.

Two new war-ships, the gunboat Yorktown and dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, launched at Philadelphia.

Passenger train wrecked on Western N.Y. Railroad, and several passengers injured.

Two "Q." strikers shot in Galesburg, Ill.

SUNDAY, APRIL 29.

Snow storm in Minnesota and Dakota.

A student riot and a duel in Paris.

Fires: Large dry goods establishments in Brooklyn, \$230,000; Soap Works in Woonsocket, R. I.; incendiary incendiaries also at work in Phenix, R. I.

MONDAY, APRIL 30.

Melville W. Fuller of Chicago nominated Chief Justice by President Cleveland.

Panic in a menagerie at Prague, Austria; several persons trampled to death and others injured.

Steamer Queen of the Pacific (on the Pacific coast) springs a leak fifteen miles from land, but is safely brought into harbor, sinking 200 yards from the wharf.

Newspaper office in Des Moines, Ia. burned and four inches of snow in Quebec.

TUESDAY, MAY 1.

May Breakfast at the Town Hall in Andover.

German Emperor reported as having a relapse.

Ingalls and Voorhees have an exciting set-to in the U. S. Senate.

A postmaster and an editor in Jackson, Miss., shoot and kill each other in the street.

Fires: Waverly Hotel, Northport, Me., set on fire—it is said, because of the temperance principles of its proprietor; in harness manufactory at Bridgeport, Ct.; farm buildings in Woodsville, N. H. and dwelling houses in Whitman and Avon.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2.

Republican Anti-Saloon convention in New York.

State Episcopal Convention opened in Boston.

Cascade Mt. tunnel, Northern Pacific R.R. cut through.

Cordaville Blanket Mills, So. Framingham, partially burned.

THURSDAY, MAY 3.

Emperor's condition reported as "satisfactory."

C. B. & Q. freight train wrecked, set on fire, and its conductor beaten, by strikers. Counterfeiters caught at Springfield.

Various News Items.

The most important item of old world news the past week has been the publication of the Pope's decree as to the methods employed in Ireland in the contest between landlords and tenants. The "Supreme Congregation of the Inquisition" has had the matter under discussion at Rome, and their decision, confirmed now by Pope Leo, was that boycotting and the so-called "plan of campaign" are "contrary to justice and charity." The ground is taken that as rents had been mutually agreed upon, it was not right for tenants to violate the contract, especially when there are regular tribunals for the adjudication of such difficulties—much less "to persecute by a social interdict those who are satisfied to pay the rents they agreed to pay, or those who in the exercise of their rights take vacant farms." Theoretically this seems sound argument and true religion in Ireland as in America. But it is no doubt equally true that the decisions of "tribunals appointed for settling such controversies"—tribunals directly or indirectly in the interest of the landlords and the Government—would contain very little either of justice or charity to the tenants. It is reported that membership in the National League is practically forbidden by instructions to the clergy to refuse absolution to those who will not renounce their membership. The future of the Irish peasantry looks darker than ever, if both the church and State are against them.

Now that the passions and prejudices of conflict have died away, the fame of General Grant grows brighter as the years go on. His birthday was celebrated in several cities on Friday last. In Boston, General Devens made a very eloquent speech before the Massachusetts Club, addresses being also given by Hannibal Hamlin, Gen. Banks and the Governors of Vermont and Rhode Island. In New York, a banquet was held at Delmonico's, presided over by General Sherman, Chauncey M. Depew being the orator.

Among the political offenders pardoned by Emperor Frederick is Justus Schwab, the New York communist. It is hoped that he will take the advantage of the imperial clemency, and return to the fatherland.

Two events at Washington have broken the monotony of the tariff discussion. The President has sent to the Senate the nomination of Melville W. Fuller of Chicago, for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. A native of Maine, a thoroughly educated man, a well-read and successful lawyer, an active, shrewd politician, a man of ample wealth and irreproachable character, the President could hardly have selected a better man in his party. It is a sign of good feeling and good journalism that the republican press in general highly commends the nomination.

Senator Ingalls' speech in the Senate was the other event at the Capitol, drawing an immense audience. Ingalls is nothing if not scathing, but his speech was less objectionable than his recent one, as his terrible fire was aimed at a suitable target—Voorhees of

Indiana, whose disloyalty during the war and especially his opprobrious language concerning President Lincoln was mercilessly exposed. Voorhees replied by calling Ingalls "a great liar and a dirty dog" and left the Senate Chamber. A marked result of that part of the speech which attacked the fraudulent control of the ballot in Louisiana was the admission of Senator Eustis that such methods in his state were only the necessary and laudable "efforts of the white people for free government." The venerable Robert C. Winthrop was a prominent figure in the great audience.

In our legislature, the House has passed to a third reading the bill for the annexation of a part of Tewksbury to Lowell, the "oleo" bill, and the bill to regulate the hours of horse-car conductors and drivers, the latter being so amended as to allow men to work extra time if they desire. In the Senate, the High License bill has been engrossed, to take effect July 1, as also the bill in relation to the employment of children. A bill has been reported for printing and distributing ballots at the public expense, and for such safeguards as shall ensure independence of voting and prevent fraud. The bill is in substance what is known as the "Australian system."

In the 7th Congressional District, Gen. Wm. Cogswell of Salem and W. E. Blunt of Haverhill, have been elected delegates to the Chicago Republican Convention, and in the 8th Geo. S. Merrill of Lawrence, and Joseph L. Sargent of Dracut. State and District Conventions for the selection of delegates to Chicago and St. Louis are now the order of the day.

Hyde Park was twenty years old April 23, and made as much ado about it as though it were as old as the three ancient towns from which it was taken. Rev. P. Davis gave an historical address, on Sunday good enough for a bi-centennial, at two different churches, and Monday was kept as a great jubilee day, with a great banquet, a speech by Governor Ames, a fireman's parade, etc. The menu card had a cut of Grew's Hill and the residence of Mr. Henry S. Grew, who rejoiced in having been an Andover school boy nearly seventy years ago.

Deaths during the week: Chief Justice Chas. S. Bradley of the Supreme Court, Rhode Island, a native of Newburyport; Hon. Geo. W. Hubbard of Hatfield, Treasurer of Smith College, which as his residuary legatee will probably receive \$150,000; Seth Thomas, the well known clock Connecticut manufacturer; Miss Jane Stuart, of Newport, R. I., daughter of the famous painter; Charles C. Barry and Demas Barnes, well known bankers respectively of Boston and New York.

Rev. Dr. I. N. Tarbox of Newton, a well-known clergyman and historical writer, for many years Secretary of the American Education Society, died in Boston on Thursday, aged 73.

A singular tax difficulty has occurred at Gloucester, the Catholic priest there declining to pay on the ground that a parochial school was established in his house, of which he was superintendent. The property being advertised for sale for non-payment of the taxes, Father Healey bought it in, under protest.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Volapük.

II.

The immensity of Schleyer's verb system has properly made it a subject of criticism. There are six tenses for every form. That is, the indicative, subjunctive, optative, conditional, imperative, infinitive, participle, and supine can each have six tenses, active and passive. These tenses can all be duplicated by prefixing the letter *i*; which gives the idea of 'constantly,' 'always,' 'without interruption.' The result of all these moods and tenses is, that the possible forms of the Volapük verb reach the astounding number of half a million. The exact number given by an Athenian paper is 504,440. All these forms are possible to every transitive verb. Not that all must, or will, be used; but in a language which claims for itself absolute simplicity, such an elaboration of forms seems rather complex and formidable. Some of the forms of the verb seem also rather obscure in their meaning. For example, I will quote a passage from an article in the *Nation*, by Prof. Addison Hoge.

"The greatest curiosity will naturally be felt in regard to the verb, and just here is where this new language is in greatest danger of coming to grief. What sorts of renderings are given to such a multitude of forms? And in what state do we find the syntax of the verb? In answer to the first question we reply, knock off about a quarter of a million forms, by remembering that the 'aoristic' formation in *i* just duplicates the other forms, and in translating add 'constantly' to represent it. E.g. in the verb 'to love,' half the forms denote constant affection, while 250,000 forms are reserved for inconstant lovers. One peculiar form of affection must be noted: 'to love (or be loved) *multilaterally*.' In fact 'multilateral' English is the only kind we can think of at all suited to such a vast system of inflection. 'For to (shall love),' 'for (to shall have loved)' are translations given to two of the supines. 'To love (just loving on)' renders an imperative infinitive. 'Be a loving one' affords an example of an imperative participle. If such imperatives seem at all shadowy, there is a 'substantial imperative.' 'Love govern' translates its present tense. 'Love must have governed' is the perfect. For a future, and future perfect, imperative we have, 'I shall have to love constantly', and 'I shall have had to love constantly.' 'A loving that had been' is an instance of a pluperfect infinitive. To show us what his 'jussiv' is capable of and at the same time to show the conciseness of Volapük, Schleyer gives the following: *pajeloböz* 'we shall be such as shall have been protected.' This is a form of an imperative hardly adapted for a world language into which no uncertainty or confusion of thought is to enter. And even this, no doubt, admits of improvement.

If an Englishman is set upon by a foreign mob with no mode of communication but Volapük, and if the above startling command has failed to cow his assailants, he has only to insert one letter to assure them that Britannia always protects her children. If he shouts *puijeloböz* (I shall be such as shall have been constantly protected), with as much emphasis on *i* as can be given in a language that always accents the last syllable of its words, he will probably find that 'abroad' will recognize his rights."

Furthermore, quite serious embarrassment must come from the fact that the subjunctive and conditional modes are not clearly defined. It will be hard to get different nations to agree in moods, when the authorities themselves are so at variance in the matter. Again, considerable difficulty will arise in trying to make different nations look at the same things in the same way. The English speaking people will naturally use the accusative after their transitive verbs. In a sentence like, 'thank the man,' an Englishman would use the accusative, but a German or Frenchman the dative, each according to the idiom of his own language. Then, too, sounds must present great obstacles in a language of this sort. Volapük has indeed rejected many hard sounds, as for instance, the *th*-sound which is a stum-

bling block to foreigners learning English; but it keeps, however, the sound of a known as the French *u*, a sound which is very hard for an English-speaking person to acquire. Prof. Hoge says that he has heard Volapük pronounced Volapuck, Volapeck and Volapuke, (the *u* being pronounced as *ou* in 'you'); but he doubts if he ever heard it pronounced in a way that would satisfy Mr. Schleyer. Hence great difficulty must arise when distinctions of meaning are based upon the difference between *u* and *ü*. E.g., the word *fü* means 'foot,' a part of the body, but *füt* is 'foot,' a unit of measure.

It has been the aim of Mr. Schleyer in simplifying the language to have a word always mean but one thing. But on one account, at least, this is objectionable. For there will be a tendency to increase the vocabulary to unmanageable proportions, embarrassing to the adept as well as to the beginner.

The advocates of Volapük say, on the other hand, that it is not intended that it be a universal language in the sense that it shall supersede and take the place of the other languages. Such an idea has long since been abandoned. The real design is to furnish a language for commercial use, in which all nations will be able to converse fluently and understandingly; a language which from its simplicity can be also easily acquired. Moreover, there has been felt great need of a language of this sort, and its advantages are plain.

There are over eight hundred languages spoken in the world, and by means of railroads and other modes of communication we are brought into contact with peoples speaking between fifty and sixty different tongues; people with whom business is constantly being carried on. Now, think how much trouble and labor are occasioned from having to deal with so many different languages, some of which it is next to impossible to learn. I heard not long ago of a merchant engaged in business in India, who has asked how many languages he could speak, and replied that he could speak eleven. On being asked how many of them he used, he said that in order to be able readily to do business with whomsoever he might meet, he was obliged to know at least six. Now, the usual time required to learn a foreign language is six months of hard work; think, then, of the time needful for learning several foreign languages so that one could transact business through them. But it requires only one month of study to qualify one to conduct an ordinary business correspondence in Volapük! And in making this statement—on the authority, of course, of those who have accomplished it—I do not forget a former statement about there being some 500,000 distinct forms in the verb inflection. The verb is formed from the noun, after a simple and uniform pattern, and without exceptions. Hence conjugation may be compared with counting; as soon as one can count one hundred, he can count *ad infinitum*. The Volapük verb is, therefore, not so formidable as it seems at first sight.

Mr. Schleyer does not claim that his invention is perfect; and improvements are likely to be made through conferences of the adepts, as has been the case already. Whether Volapük will serve the ends guaranteed by its most enthusiastic devotees; whether it will itself become the world's speech in fact, or only confirm the belief that such a medium of communication is practicable, time only can decide. The experience, the wisdom, the ingenuity of the more than 300,000 persons who are said to be at present more or less proficient in Volapük must contribute much towards an early solution of the problem of a universal language.

C. P. PIERCE.

Phillips Academy, Class of '88.

AULD LANG-SYNE.

The Jamestown and the Irish famine of 1847.

Many will remember the sailing of the U. S. ship *Jamestown* from Boston in 1847, laden with an immense cargo of provisions for the famine-stricken inhabitants of Ireland, and some of our readers may have participated in the joy of her arrival in Cork Harbor. The *Boston Advertiser* has a very interesting account of the matter obtained from a conversation with Capt. Robert B. Forbes, the commander of the *Jamestown*, who is still living at an advanced age.

It was rather curious, how I came to make that voyage. It came about in this way: I happened one day to take up a New York paper, in which I saw a notice of a petition to congress, presented by Commodore DeKay, asking that the government fit up a ship to carry supplies to the Irish people, who were suffering all the horrors of famine and fever. The potato crop had failed the year before, and you know what that means to the Irish.

Well, I took the paper to my brother, and said: "That is a good idea, we ought to do something of the sort here in Boston." He agreed with me, and many other business men were of the same mind; so we also started a petition, asking congress to loan us a vessel. This petition did not get to Washington till the 3d of March, the day before adjournment, and it was then war time, so there was plenty of business on hand. But the bill came to the hands of Robert C. Winthrop and he didn't lose any time in the matter. He put my petition into the form of an amendment to De Kay's and got them both through in the short time that remained. The *Macedonian* was loaned to De Kay, and the *Jamestown* to me. This De Kay had gained his title of Commodore by commanding a small fleet in the La Plata River for the Argentine Confederation. He was a very brave man, but apt to be a little rash and cranky, as we found out afterwards. As soon as the *Jamestown* was turned over to me, we began to prepare her for the voyage. On the 17th of March, St. Patrick's day, a large number of the Laborers' Aid Society came down and helped us. They were almost all poor Irishmen, who worked with a will, and by night we had a good part of the cargo stowed away. That was the best celebration of St. Patrick's day I ever saw in Boston.

We had a crew of 31, a pretty small number; so small that an old friend of mine who came down to the wharf to see us off shook his head doubtfully, and when I asked him why he looked so blue, he said he never expected to see me again. He asked how I was going to get my anchors up with so few men. I told him I didn't propose to let them go till we got into the Cove of Cork, and there would be men enough there to help me. You see, I felt better satisfied with my small crew than my friends did, for I knew there were some good seamen among them; and as for the officers, why some of them had commanded vessels for me, and I knew I could trust every one of them. The people of Boston and all around here took great interest in this relief expedition and contributed pretty freely. When we sailed, on the 28th of March, 1847, we had 8000 barrels of provisions aboard, and the ship was loaded like a sand barge. The older I grow, and the more I think of that voyage of the *Jamestown*, the more I wonder at it. You know, of course, that March is a very poor time for a voyage across the Atlantic; but it is a question with me whether a sailing vessel leaving this country in March ever made a quicker passage. How long was the voyage out? Just 15 days and three hours.

The *Jamestown* was a sloop of war, and when she was turned over to me, her armament was taken out and the ports planked up; but the work was not very well done, and all through the voyage a great deal of water leaked in at these ports and around the stern-posts, which had not been properly calked. Then we were so deeply loaded that more or less water came in at the hawse-holes. My cabin was wet and cold all the time, and there was no stove to heat it. But they say 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and I struck a plan for heating my cabin without a stove. I hung up a scrapnell, and kept on it four 32-pound shot, heated red-hot in the galley. This warmed the cabin pretty well and gave me a chance to dry my clothes. We sighted land on the 12th of April, and anchored in the Cove of Cork that afternoon. One rather funny thing happened as we were going in. There was a pretty stiff breeze blowing, and it kicked up a good deal of a sea. When we went to take our pilot, his vessel was dashed against our port quarter galley hard enough to smash it, and a little piece was broken out of his rail. Those Irish pilots were the hungriest fellows I ever saw, always asking as soon as they came aboard for some beef, or pork, or biscuit. This one was no exception. He had scarcely touched the deck when he asked for some

beef. 'No,' said I, 'I can't give it to you. I came over to feed the hungry, and here you are, so fat you can hardly get over the side, asking for beef.' When he found he was not likely to get any beef he had the face to say, 'Well, yer arner, sure yez aright to pay me for the demmedge yez done in breakin' me rail.'

We were very kindly received in Ireland. The anchor had hardly taken ground before we were waited on by a committee of citizens composed of all creeds and political parties, and an address of welcome was read. Several very beautiful poems were sent me, and others were printed and read. I was also invited to meet the Temperance Institute at Cork. The famous Father Mathew was president of the society then, and was greatly loved by all the Irish people. At this meeting of the Temperance Institute I was presented to many of the ladies of Cork, and I want to tell you that they know how to shake hands. They didn't just touch the tips of the fingers, but gave a good wholesome grip of feeling.

While we were discharging our cargo, I went to walk one day with Father Mathew through some of the fever and famine-haunted districts in the neighborhood. Of course I was known to many of the people, and Father Mathew's figure was very familiar in the streets. Being together, we naturally attracted attention, and it wasn't long before we were followed by a great crowd of ragged and hungry beggars. I thought likely we might have some such experience, and had put into my pocket a pound sterling, all in six-pences. I suppose there must have been over a hundred of these beggars following us, and when they would get too demonstrative I would take out a handful of six-pences and scatter them among the crowd. This kept them at bay a little while, but they troubled us so much that when the six-pences gave out we had to take refuge in a shop and escape by the back door. During that walk I saw misery enough to make me sick. We went into a lane only a few steps from one of the principal streets of Cork. The valley of the shadow of death? No, sir; it was the valley of death and pestilence itself. There were hovels without floors, without furniture, and with patches of dirty straw, covered with dirtier shreds and patches of humanity. Some of the poor wretches called for water, while others called for a dying blessing from Father Mathew. We went on to a public soup kitchen. This was just a rough shed, guarded by officers, and containing a great boiler of rice, milk, etc., and all around stood hundreds of these living spectres begging for some of the soup. I don't think aristocratic, well-bred pigs in this country would have eaten it. This sight was more than I could stand; I had to leave as quickly as I could.

I invited Father Mathew to come to America with me, but he felt he couldn't leave Ireland in this time of her distress, and he declined. But two years later he came over and addressed a great crowd of the Irish people on the Common. There was some talk recently of raising a statue to Father Mathew on the spot where he made that address.

I told them that as he was something of a sailor and a great cold water man, the only place for his statue would be in the middle of the Frog Pond.

Well, it took us 10 days to distribute our supplies, with three other cargoes which came out consigned to me. When we were almost ready to sail, Mr. Bancroft, our minister at the Court of St. James, sent down, asking me to come up and be presented to the queen; but I said, 'No, sir, not much. Why, I haven't any naval uniform,—I haven't even a swallow-tailed coat; so as to being presented to the queen, that's too much; I can't go it.'

On the day when we were ready to start on our return, the wind was almost dead ahead. Admiral Pigot seeing this, ordered the steamer *Zephyr*, one of her majesty's frigates, to take us in tow. I asked him how far we were to take her, replied: 'Just as far as her coal holds out.' As we passed the marine station at Spike Island, the marines were all drawn up and gave us three rousing cheers. We dipped the flag in reply. That flag touched their hearts. It was of silk, embroidered by the ladies of Boston, with the shamrock and thistle. The wind was not very fair on the return trip, but we did pretty well. The only unpleasant thing that happened was the losing of a man, who was washed from the jibboom one night. It was very dark, and we didn't miss him for some time.

That voyage of the *Jamestown* was wonderfully successful, and I look back to it now as the pleasantest event of my long life.

CHILDREN'S CIRCLE.

A Dog's Letter to Rev. G. F. Wright.

The *Youth's Companion* has an anecdote of the late Dr. Asa Gray of Cambridge, the distinguished botanist. He had a small and mischievous Japanese dog, which at one time destroyed a pair of rubber overshoes belonging to one of his friends, who was calling at the house. The next day the gentleman—who, we happen to know, was the Rev. G. F. Wright, formerly pastor of the Free church in Andover—received a new pair of rubbers, with the following penitent letter from the dog:

"CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 11, 1878.

"REV. SIR.—Will you be so good as to accept a puppy's penitent apologies for his naughtiness, and a new pair of rubbers in place of those which I wickedly destroyed—because it was my nature to—at the time you last visited my master? I wish you to know that I am as sorry for it as I am capable of being, and that I have been punished as well as scolded, and that the cost of the rubbers has been stopped out of my allowance.

"So no more at present,

"From your disobedient
"JAP. PUPP."

The Beaver in the Kitchen.

A very interesting account is given in the *Lewiston (Me.) Journal*, showing the wonderful instinct of animals in knowing how to do things without being taught. Did the boys ever think how much the beavers have the advantage of them in this? Here is the story, which is vouched for as true: A gentleman, having a friend who did not believe that beavers could really build dams, convinced him by sending him a baby beaver, which he had bought of a hunter. The creature became a great pet in the house, but showed no signs of wanting to build a dam until one Monday morning, when a leaky pail filled with water was put on the floor of the back kitchen. The beaver was there. He was only a baby, to be sure, but the moment he saw the water oozing out of a crack in the pail he scampered into the yard, brought in a chip and began building his dam. His owner was called, and watched the little fellow, very much astonished by what he saw. He gave orders to have the pail left where it was, and the industrious beaver kept at his work four weeks, when he had built a solid dam all around the pail.

How to be Happy.

Are you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment,
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Are you dreadfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Though it rains like the rain
Of the flood, little man,
And the clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine
In your soul, little man—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
Though the skies are like brass
Overhead, little girl,
And the walk like a well-heated brick;
And all earthly affairs
In a terrible whirl,
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!
—The Home Guardian.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Co-operative Creameries.

The following is the substance of an address made before the Andover Farmers' Club, April 26, 1888, by Mr. H. E. Cummings of North Brookfield:

I do not know what better I can say first than to give you a brief history of our Co-operative Creamery. We first contemplated starting a creamery in March, 1885, and went through the necessary procedure of forming a Co-operative Creamery Association on the cream-gathering plan, having investigated the different plans, and decided this to be the best. Our Association is formed under corporation laws and with a capital of \$2000, divided into 200 shares of \$10 each and sold to those engaged in agriculture, for we aim to have the association run for the best interests of the farmer. Our creamery is located one mile from the depot and village on a side hill, which is necessary for good drainage, the cost of our creamery building and land, water and grading, was \$1800, machinery \$700, total \$2500. We were obliged on account of the rapid growth of our business to make some enlargements which we did not expect to do when we first started.

Our building is 20x30, with an L 18x20, two stories. The work room is 20x24, and leading from this is a cold storage room 6x10. From this we enter our refrigerator which is large enough to hold 1000 pounds of print butter and a ton of tubs if necessary; these are all on the same level. Adjoining the work room, and elevated about four feet from the floor, is our cream room, 14x18 and adjoining this our engine room with a four-horse power engine and boiler, which has done all our work thus far. On the second story is our room for the receiving of the cream, and a good tenement for our butter maker; the cream is taken into this room on the second story (the building is set so that there is a drive way around it), and conveyed below by means of pipes into three three-hundred-gallon temporary vats and allowed to ripen and then conveyed below by means of troughs into two Davis Swing churns. So you see there is no carrying of the cream from one room to another. After the cream is churned the buttermilk is drawn off, and is conveyed by means of pipe, into a tank under ground that holds eighty barrels, and is sold to any who wish to buy, for one cent per gallon for whole milk and one half for watered milk.

We commenced operations, May 20, 1885, with 19 patrons, and made the first month 1104 lbs. of butter, and thought we had done wonders. At the end of the year we had made 37,098 lbs. of butter, making in June the largest amount, which was 6102 lbs. Our butter netted us the first year at the creamery 26 3/4 cts., costing us 5 1/5 cts. to manufacture it, netting the farmer at the door 21 1/2 cts. with his skim milk left on the farm. Last year we made 94,155 lbs. of butter, which netted us at the creamery 28 3/4 cts., and it cost us to manufacture 4.40, netting the farmer at his door with the skim milk left on the farm 23 1/2 cts. 6.58 spaces made one pound of butter. You can readily see the gain over the first year was 57,057 lbs. of butter and a business done of over \$25,000 on a capital of \$25,000. The largest amount of butter made in any one month was in June, when we made 13,298 lbs. of butter, and butter was also the lowest this month, selling for only 22 1/6 at the creamery.

One benefit of our creamery is this, that it encourages the patrons to improve his stock and to take better care of them, for the key-note of every patron of a creamery is: *it pays to know how to make good cream.* You can see he has an object to work for, he wants to keep up with his neighbors. Our patrons use the Cooley Creamery. There may be people here that favor other methods of raising cream—all have their advantages. The Separator has its friends; the open setting has its friends. Now in regard to the carting of milk to the whole milk factories I would like to say that it is estimated to cost from one to three cents per pound, or about two cents per can on an average with us. At this rate it would cost three times as much as it now does to gather our cream, and you can see that this difference would in a short time bring us all Cooley creamers that would last us for years. With our plan of gathering cream, we have a nice

lot of sweet skim milk to feed or sell, and our farmers are beginning to see the value of it to feed hogs and calves, and are raising some nice stock with it. I would like to give you the opinion of some leading men who have tested the feeding values and fertilizing values of skim milk. Prof. Henry of the Wisconsin Experiment Station writes as follows:

"The food articles at our command which are rich in protein are skim milk, buttermilk, shorts, bran, peas, green clover and the like," placing skim milk first on the list; and Prof. Henry further says, "No farmer can manage his farm with a minimum of muscle making foods." "Prof. Goessman gives the amount and value of the principal fertilizing material in a ton of 2000 lbs. of skim milk as follows: Nitrogen, 10.80 pounds; Potassium oxide, 3.40 pounds; Phosphoric acid, 4.00 pounds; making the valuation per ton of skim milk to be \$2.50 or a little more than one-fourth of a cent a quart to apply directly to the soil as a fertilizer—a fact to be borne in mind, and the significance of which is not lessened by the daily rumbling of a milk train."

So you see the testimony by the best authority is that skim milk is worth considerably over half its full value to feed, and is worth one-fourth cent a quart to put right into the manure heap. If it is worth that for that purpose it ought to be worth one cent a quart to run through an animal before it goes into the manure heap.

Some farms have been selling their milk to Boston milk contractors by the can, but are waking up to the idea that their farms are not producing as they should. There is nothing that will bring them back equal to patronizing a cream gathering factory and feeding with their skim milk on their farm, and thus save buying patent fertilizers. I believe there is a new era for the dairy farmer of to-day. With the help of the creamery and the demand for fresh made creamery butter at an advance over dairy of 4 to 10 cts. per pound our farmers have no reason to complain of general markets. Our local market may at times get over stocked, but the general demand for fine creamery will always be good, for the reason of the rapid growth of our cities and manufacturing towns. The day for bartering dairy butter has gone by—no more dairy butter of several shades and colors. Times are changed, and the most successful creameries are where the cream is taken at the door and made into butter at the creameries and sold by the agent.

I believe that to-day there is no business where, with a small capital well invested, a person can be as independent as upon a farm. I am satisfied our farmers never had so much ready money as they have had since our creamery started. Now one word in favor of co-operation and I am done. We must co-operate in order to bring the quantity and quality of goods the markets demand; no one person can do this alone. In order to give them these goods, we must unite and all strive for the same end, for in union there is strength.

Note. Amherst Creamery netted to the farmer 24 5/4 cts.; Wapping (Ct.) Creamery paid 25 3/5 cts.

Readers will remember that a special "Creamery" meeting will be held at the Town Hall, Thursday evening, May 10, when the full report of the Committee will be given, and recommendations made as to the early establishment of a Creamery in Andover.

We add an abstract of the treasurer's report of the North Brookfield Creamery for 1887:

13,370 lbs. butter sold,	\$36,020.52
Buttermilk sold,	226.56
3,269 qts. cream sold	514.75
Total sales,	\$36,761.83
Total expenses,	6,102.85
Balance for patrons,	\$30,658.98
Average price rec'd per lb.,	27.49
Average cost to make,	4.14
Average price paid farmer,	23.35

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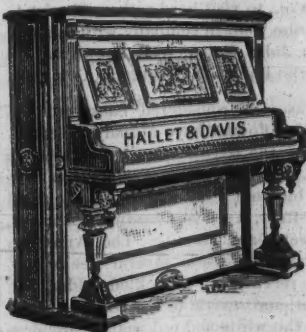
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Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer,	20 c.
Harvard Bronchial Syrup,	25 c. & 50 c.
Metcalf's Cough Mixture,	50 c.
Murphy's Cough Mixture,	10 c.
SARSAPARILLAS.	
Hood's,	67 c.
Ayer's,	80 c.
Brown's,	80 c.
Talbot's,	50 c.
BITTERS.	
Atwood's,	25 c.
Burdock Blood,	20 c.
Hop,	80 c.
Quaker,	80 c.
Sulphur,	80 c.
Union Stomach,	75 c.
PILLS.	
Hood's Vegetable,	20 c.
Ayer's Vegetable,	20 c.
Brown's Laxative,	20 c.
Skink's Mandrake,	20 c.
Warner's Safe,	20 c.
PLASTERS.	
Alcock's Porus Plasters,	15 c.
Henson's Capsine Plaster,	20 c.
Hop,	15 c.
Poor Man's,	15 c.
SUNDRIES.	
August Flowers, (Green's)	35 c.
Androsyne Liniment,	30 c.
Athlophoros,	90 c.
Beef, Iron and Wine,	80 c.
Balsam Wild Cherry,	50 c.
Beef Extract, (Liebig's)	45 c., 75 c. & 1.00.
Cosmoline,	20 c.
Cuticura Resolvent,	80 c.
Cuticura Soap,	20 c.
Centaur Liniment,	40 c.
Castoria,	30 c.
Fellow's Syrup Hypophosphites,	1.10.
Hammon's Liniment,	20 c.
Hartshorn's No. 18,	25 c.
" Syrup Rhubarb,	35 c.
" Cordial,	25 c.
Haynes' Arabian Balm,	20 c.
Hood's Tooth Powder,	20 c.
Hosford's Acid Phosphate,	45 c. & 80 c.
Hall's Hair Renewer,	75 c.
Indian Sagwa,	80 c.
Lydia Pinkham's Compound,	90 c.
Lactated Food,	25 c. & 45 c.
Magee's Emulsion Cod Liver Oil,	80 c.
Mellon's Food,	40 c. & 65 c.
Needham's Solid Extract Red Clover,	2.50.
Pond's Extract,	45 c. & 80 c.
Perry Davis' Pain Killer,	25 c. & 45 c.
Preston's Glycerine Lotion,	30 c.
Rennes' Magic Oil,	25 c. & 45 c.
Ridge's Food,	30 c. & 50 c.
St. Jacob's Oil,	45 c.
Seidlitz Powders,	25 c.
Tweed's Liniment,	25 c.
Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,	25 c. & 45 c.
Vaseline,	15 c.
Vegetine,	1.00.
Warner's Safe Kidney Cure,	90 c.
" Nervine,	50 c.
Winslow's Soothing Syrup,	20 c.
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ANDOVER, MASS.

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FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1888.

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Public breakfast at the Town Hall, Wednesday morning, May 1, 1889, 5 to 9 o'clock. Don't all come at once!

The thanks already offered by readers for the clear and condensed account of the "Volapük" language in last week's TOWNSMAN will be increased by reading the remainder of the article printed on the second page of the present issue, and all we turn over to Mr. Pierce, the young author. The improved facilities in the inflections of the verb for giving expression to the sentiments of "multilateral" love must make it a favorite with the young people. Instead of conjugating as their predecessors did in the "old red schoolhouses," "I might, could, would, or should have loved," they can now in one glad word of Volapük say or write, "I shall have to love constantly!"

Let all interested in the Andover Creamery project read the address of Mr. Cummings on page 3, and not forget the adjourned meeting in the interest of the enterprise on Thursday evening next. It is expected that a co-operative company will be incorporated, and it seems certain that the establishment of a Creamery will prove of great advantage both to milk-raising farmers and butter-consuming citizens.

The best way to prevent crime is to punish crime. The prompt, fearless execution of law, and of law-breakers if necessary—is the most efficient means of securing the safety and peace of the community. Rose-water philanthropists objected to the hanging of the Chicago anarchists, but the result is that dynamite stock is very low now in that city. The *Alarm*, the anarchist organ, has been obliged to suspend, for lack of support, and other publications of that sort have absolutely no sale. For this reason we sympathize with the sentence passed on two young men Monday last by Judge Martine of New York, viz., thirty years hard labor in the State Prison at Sing Sing. The judge justified himself in passing this seemingly severe sentence by saying to the prisoners: "You stand convicted of a crime of the worst character. It is a dangerous position for a citizen to be in when he awakes in the night to find men standing over him with pistols drawn ready to take his property, and life if need be. Our citizens must be protected, and the peace and quiet of the community be preserved. Ruffians of your sort must be taught that the law is supreme."

ANDOVER NEWS.

The plans for the new schoolhouse, which were adopted by the town at the March meeting, are now completed, and the Committee will receive proposals until Wednesday, May 16. The building is to be completed on or before the first of December next. It will be remembered that the building committee appointed by the town are Wm. S. Jenkins, Felix G. Haynes, Dr. C. E. Abbott, John H. Flint, and James B. Smith. The plans prepared by Merrill & Cutler of Lowell, are at the School Committee's room in the Town Hall.

The School Committee's annual report is out, and copies may be had at the Town Clerk's office. The children are already calling for it, to find their names in the "not absent or tardy" lists. The large number printed in this honorable record is one of the most encouraging things in the report, and ought to interest parents as well as children. The whole number of scholars enrolled for the year is 975. The total average of attendance 91.93 per cent, the highest district averages being in the North (90.2), Bailey (97.3), and Frye Village Intermediate (97.1).

The Selectmen have re-appointed Geo. F. Cheever as Sealer of Weights and Measures.

The first "May Breakfast" in Andover has been given, and we can but hope it is the permanent establishment of a pleasant custom, to which our people may look forward each year, and for which those who have started it may plan and prepare. The affair was in charge of committees from the different societies of Christian Endeavor and every member worked faithfully to make it a success. Nor was the work confined to members of these societies. The object was so worthy and the ways of helping so various and pleasant, that few of our citizens withheld the helping hand. The "opportunity too good to be lost," suggested by the correspondent in last week's TOWNSMAN, was not lost; "the butcher and the baker" and all the rest gave of their stores and the housewife of her culinary art, towards providing the substantial breakfast that greeted the eye on entering the Town Hall on Tuesday morning. Although the morning was dull and damp, and not at all inviting for a long walk to breakfast, yet from five till nine, people streamed into the hall, from far and near, taxing to their utmost those whose place it was to serve, and when the last one had gone nearly a thousand people had contributed their share to one of the pleasantest socials ever held in Andover. Nearly all were well served, we cannot say all, for the rush between seven and eight proved too much for the means provided, but good nature and patience prevailed, and little defects in the management may well be overlooked when we consider the large gathering, the first attempt, and the limited accommodations. The ladies had provided food generously and it held out to the last. There was a large sale for the ice cream and cake, the flowers were very pretty and brought in a considerable sum, and altogether the net proceeds will amount to about \$275. The free bed at the Lawrence Hospital costs \$200, leaving a balance for some other object, not yet decided upon by the committee who have the disposal of the money. The committee express their thanks to all who assisted, in another column. We should not forget the entertainment afforded by the Phillips Orchestra, whose playing contributed largely to the morning's enjoyment.

To err is human, and an unusually large proportion of that kind of humanity somehow got into our columns last week. The merely typographical errors would of course be readily recognized, but two errors—of commission and omission—we will correct. Miss Emma M. Gould of Scotland District should have been written by a correspondent, Miss Esther M. Gould. Mr. and Mrs. Rea's golden wedding was not in their recent home on High St., but in their present residence on Elm St., and the name of their youngest daughter, Mrs. Lauren F. Dearborn, who lives with them there, was left out altogether! The funniest part of it was that the omission was made by a member of the family, and he a gentleman who most faithfully keeps the record of all other families in the town!

Monday was the last day of "free rum" at Lawrence, and free use was made of it—even by some who had to go all the way from Andover. A few of the latter class returned with bottles which had been filled for them *gratis*, on the condition that they would pay ten cents for the bottle; on opening them, however, they were found to contain water. Saying nothing about the honesty of this as a business transaction, we have no doubt the substitute of "Adam's ale" was better for the purchasers, and take this as a sign that no stronger brand is to be furnished to Andover customers hereafter.

Mrs. Lucy Holt, the wife of Mr. Joseph S. Holt, whose death was noticed last week, was buried on Monday afternoon, Rev. J. J. Blair attending the funeral. Mrs. Holt was the daughter of Job and Lucy (Chandler) Abbot, and was born in Andover, Oct. 18, 1811. They were married May 14, 1835, and celebrated their golden wedding here in Andover three years ago. Most of their married life was spent in New York, where Mr. Holt was connected with the printing department of the American Bible Society. There, as here, Mrs. Holt was known and beloved for her earnest Christian character and kindly sympathies. She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Charles C. Blunt.

Mr. Henry F. Barnard, who died in Lawrence suddenly of heart disease on Sunday, resided in Andover for several years, carrying on the furniture business in "the old depot," now Walsh's tin-shop. He moved to Lawrence twenty-five years ago, and has been in the same business there. He married in 1843, Miss Mary A. Manning, and after her death in 1851 married her sister, Miss Rebecca J. Manning, who survives him, as also a son and a daughter, John H. Barnard of Pueblo, Col. and Mrs. A. H. Eames of Newton Centre. He was buried in the South Cemetery on Wednesday. His age was 69.

A pleasant testimony to the kindly character of the late Mr. Harleston Parker comes from an unexpected source. A prominent physician in Tennessee, happening to see the TOWNSMAN of a recent date with Mr. Phillips's notice of Mr. Parker, recalled an acquaintance made with him when he (the Tennessee gentleman) visited Boston last year as an entire stranger. He writes: "Strolling through the Common and Public Garden and down Commonwealth Avenue Sunday morning, we were beginning to wonder whether we would find our way into a place of worship, when we were approached by a large, seemingly elderly man, who said 'Strangers, gentlemen?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Would you like to go and hear a good sermon?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Will you allow me to show you to Phillips Brooks's church. I will secure seats for you if possible.' He gave us his name, and escorted us to the church, which we found full, and crowds going away for want of admission. Our guide said to an usher, 'These are strangers—take them and secure seats for them. I will not go in.' I think I never enjoyed a sermon so much. When we came out of the church, Mr. Parker was standing on the sidewalk, and for more than an hour we were charmed with that man's conversation, as we stood in front of the church. He seemed a walking biography not only of all the old families of Boston, but of all prominent men in the country. A wonderful man in conversation—I am sorry he is dead; when I think of Boston I think of Mr. Parker."

Mr. Joseph L. Smith of Manchester, N. H., was in town on Monday attending the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Holt. He was the son of Mr. Alonzo Smith, whom older residents will remember, and said that he was born in the house now occupied by the Andover Bookstore and Andover Press. They left here in 1839, and he could see a difference between that Andover and this Andover.

Among other "arrivals" in Andover within the past few days have been Mr. B. G. Perry of Bradford, Mrs. Capt. John Clark and two sons of Cambridgeport, Rev. Everett Bradley, who returns to Philadelphia this week, Miss Lizzie B. Pierson of the North China Mission, and Charles L. Carpenter of the Thayer School of Engineering, Dartmouth College.

Miss Annie M. Towle left on Tuesday for Denver, Col., to visit her brother, Charles C. Towle. She went in company with a daughter of Mr. John Eaton, well known as the agent of the Equitable Mortgage Company.

The season is considered backward, but many spring flowers have already appeared. Flowers of the *Hepatica* were gathered in Andover April 22. The *Erythronium* was found in blossom April 27, *Houstonia* April 28, *Blood-root*, April 29, *Cassandra*, April 30, and *Sweet Gale*, May 1. The American *Aspen* was in blossom several weeks ago, and more recently the *Speckled Alder*, the *Hazel-Nut*, and several of the willows. The elms and the white and red maples are now clothed with blossoms.

The tree-planting committee set out a considerable number of trees on Arbor Day, and several citizens obeyed the Governor's proclamation on their own account.

Peter Morrison has returned from Lawrence and taken a tenement adjoining the Maple Avenue block.

Melville W. Fuller, the to-be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court was a pupil at Bowdoin College of Professor E. C. Smyth.

Base-ball at the Academy continues to interest the boys, and attract a considerable number of outsiders. Games were played on Saturday with the Stars of Lawrence, who won by a score of 5 to 1; on Monday with the Y.M.T.A.'s of the same city, who won 6, to 4. The regular team has not been chosen, but the captain, Mr. E. H. Brainerd, is carefully watching the work of the various players, and will soon make a permanent assignment to each. As the school nine is not allowed to go out of town to play, they are obliged to pay in part, or wholly, the expenses of visiting nines. To meet this and other expenses an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged at all the best games.

We learn from a New York exchange that Rev. William E. Park of Gloversville, N. Y., has been elected president of the Yale Alumni Association for Central New York.

One of the Andover representatives in Berlin writes: Mr. Bierwith is still at his home, but will be back soon. Mr. Comstock is at Rome, and the Gunns are still at Leipzig. Emperor William will be remembered in history, I fancy, for his firmness in letting Bismarck have his own way, and Bismarck will be remembered as one of the very greatest men of the century, and furthermore as the man who has done the most to set back civilization into a reign of brute force. Posterity will neither admire nor forgive him, I hope. The present emperor is really civilized, and all the world wishes him life and strength. The Empress, queerly enough, is hated in Germany, and the mildest people say the worst things about her. She has the misfortune to be English and to have an idea or two of her own.

The German entertainment, given at Abbot Academy last Friday evening, passed off very pleasantly.

The piano solos and the German song were enjoyable, as well as the Prologue from the Maid of Orleans, the scene from Nathan the Wise, and the pretty little comedy with which the evening concluded. Many of us, of course, could not understand every word, but we were filled with admiration for the young ladies who seemed so thoroughly at home in their adopted tongue.

Is not such an exhibition as this one of the many proofs that might be cited to show that Abbot Academy has chosen the right way in which to teach the modern languages, that is, by combining theory and practice, and by providing Language Halls, in which the daily use of the language studied gives vital interest to the work?

Better than any word of ours in calling attention to Mr. Carl Baermann's Piano Recital at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, is the following note sent us by Mrs. Downs:

The fact that so eminent a pianist as Prof. Carl Baermann is to appear in our vicinity would arouse universal interest in any case, but this time he is to appear in an exceptionally fine programme, the same which he played in Boston to the wonder and enthusiasm of critics and connoisseurs. Prof. Baermann is acknowledged to be the noblest interpreter of Beethoven, among modern pianists, and upon this notable occasion will play two of his sonatas, the second of which is the great opus of which Berlioz says it is greater than all Beethoven's other sonatas, greater than all his symphonies, than all his other works and consequently, superior to all that the human mind has ever produced. Baermann will close the programme with Liszt's Don Giovanni fantasia, which, if we mistake not, was one of the first things he played in Boston, and his performance of it has ever since seemed to us one of his finest exhibitions of virtuosity of the highest sort.

Programme: Sonata Quasi Fantasia (E flat Major, Op. 27, No. 1), Beethoven; Sonata, F Minor, Op. 57, (Assai Allegro, Allegro Ma Non Troppo. Andante Con Moto. Presto), Beethoven; Berceuse, Chopin; Etude, A Minor, Op. 25, No. 11, Chopin; Third Scherzo, in C Sharp Minor, Op. 39, Chopin; Fantasia, "Don Juan," Liszt.

The annual meeting of the Andover and Woburn Branch, W.B.M., was held yesterday at the South church, and was attended by a large number of ladies. Mrs. Joshua Coit presided, Mrs. Geo. Gould welcomed the ladies from out of town, Misses Mary B. Mills and Fanny Brown read the reports respectively of the Home and Mission Circle Secretaries; Miss E. Harriet Stanwood of the Board Rooms at Boston, Miss Lizzie B. Pierson of the No. China Mission, and Mrs. Sarah B. Capron of the Madura Mission, made addresses. Professor Tucker offered the opening prayer of the afternoon session, and Rev. E. A. Lawrence spoke of his observations of woman's missionary work in the East. The meeting was a very successful and interesting one.

We did not know alligators flourished in this climate, but one was found by Mr. Findley in the vicinity of his market, last Monday morning.

The *Arbroath Herald* of April 3 says that "a dozen young men left Brechin this week for America, and as many more are expected to follow next week." If these young men are of the same stuff as those who came two generations ago from Brechin to Andover, we hope they will turn their steps hitherward, as soon as they land in America.

Thomas Murphy has taken charge of the street lamps, and is giving them all a thorough polishing.

The new Athletic Association has been obliged to increase its membership limit, and it now numbers forty-three members. The new association will be called the "Nictus Club."

J. M. Bradley is making new suits for the Phillips Academy ball nine.

Messrs. Hardy and Cole provided each one of their men with a ticket to the "May Breakfast," and they made a pleasant party.

Rev. Leverett Bradley was in town on Monday, but returns to Philadelphia this week.

A Card of Thanks.

The committee who had in charge the May Breakfast, desire to extend their thanks to all who in any way contributed to it, and especially to those who kindly aided at the breakfast by their services.

Abbott Village.

Patrick McNailey, who appealed from Judge Poor's decision, has settled his fine.

A game of quoits was played last Saturday between Messrs. Yule and Saunders. The game resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 22 points to 5. A second game was played, Yule again being the victor, 15 points to 14.

The Marland Village base-ball nine played a team from Ballardvale last Saturday, but were defeated, 13 runs to 12.

The assessors will soon make their annual visit.

The first game of the season was played on the A. C. C. grounds Saturday. Teams were chosen from among members present and were captained by Messrs. Angus and G. D. Lawson. Angus won the toss and sent his men to the bat, Porter and Angus facing the bowling of Dick and Gillespie. Several displayed good batting, Porter securing 15 runs and Saunders 12. The whole side was put out for 49 runs. Lawson's team then handled the willow and by careful play ran up the total of 55 runs, Dick scoring 17 and T. Wilkie, 12. Lawson's team then won by 6 runs. Score:

ANGUS' TEAM.	
W. Angus b. Dick,	6
J. Porter b. Low,	15
W. Greig b. do,	6
W. Warden b. Gillespie,	6
J. Anderson b. do,	2
A. Saunders c. Low b. Dick,	12
W. Coutts b. Dick,	0
G. Christie not out,	2
J. Soutar, C. McDermott b. Gillespie,	0
L. Smith b. Gillespie,	1
Total,	49
LAWSON'S TEAM.	
D. Leslie b. Christie,	9
J. Low, run out,	4
A. L. Dick b. Christie,	17
T. Wilkie b. Saunders,	12
Geo. D. Lawson c. Christie b. Saunders,	1
J. Gillespie b. Christie,	1
J. Callum b. Greig,	7
J. Smith b. do,	4
C. McDermott b. Angus,	6
J. Craik, not out,	3
Total,	55

The Andovers play the North Andovers on the home ground, Saturday; first play will commence at 2:30 P. M. Admission, free.

Frye Village.

M. Driscoll and W. Driscoll who have been working on the farm of Mr. Peter D. Smith left there Sunday for Portland, Oregon.

Richard Dodson, Jr., returned home from Dover, N. H. last Thursday.

Mr. C. C. Torrey of the Seminary conducted the services in the Hall Sunday evening. Subject, Matt. 25: 23.

George W. Dodson who has learned the business of tinsmith and plumber with Thompson and Coombs of Lawrence has left their employ for a situation in Gloucester.

A large number from this part of the town enjoyed their walk and breakfast in the Town Hall Tuesday morning.

All the dishes belonging to the Frye Village Hall were used at the May breakfast.

Miss Henrietta J. Boynton from Auburn, Maine, is at present visiting friends here.

BALLARDVALE

BALLARDVALE STATION, B. & M. R. R.
C. H. Marland, Agent.

BALLARDVALE TO BOSTON. A.M. 6.55; 7.51; 11.15.
P.M. 12.34; 1.45; 3.23; 4.30; 5.40; 9.44. Sunday: A.M. 8.38. P.M. 12.25; 5.58.

BALLARDVALE TO LOWELL. 7.51; 9.57; 10.40; 11.15.
P.M. 12.34; 1.45; 2.49; 3.23; 4.30; 5.55; 7.17; 9.44. Sunday: A.M. 8.38. P.M. 12.25; 5.58.

BALLARDVALE TO LAWRENCE. A.M. 6.57; 7.28; 8.18; 8.55; 10.19; 11.25. P.M. 12.48; 1.18; 3.37; 4.55; 5.40; 6.45; 7.26; 7.48. Sunday: A.M. 9.01. P.M. 6.08; 8.00.

BOSTON TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 6.00; 7.30; 9.30; 10.25. P.M. 12.02; 2.30; 4.02; 5.00; 6.30; 7.00; 11.00. Sunday: A.M. 8.00. P.M. 5.00; 7.00.

LOWELL TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 7.10; 7.35; 8.35; 11.00. P.M. 1.00; 3.00; 4.00; 5.10; 6.15; 6.55; 11.10. Sunday: A.M. 8.20; P.M. 5.40; 7.30.

LAWRENCE TO BALLARDVALE. A.M. 6.40; 7.30; 9.40; 10.20; 11.00. P.M. 12.17; 1.10; 2.00; 2.30; 3.00; 4.15; 5.40; 7.05 from So. Law.; 9.30. Sunday: A.M. 8.15. P.M. 12.10; 5.35.

Mr. Winslow Goodwin is the authorized agent of the TOWNSMAN in Ballardvale.

The First Mass. Heavy Artillery Association in which Andover was represented by Messrs. Peter D. Smith, Chas. Greene, and J. M. Bean, were given a grand reception in Petersburg, Va. The R. E. Lee battery fired salutes on their arrival, and the visitors were escorted around the city and to their hotel by the Petersburg Grays, a militia company. The streets were thronged with people, and there was a magnificent display of fireworks. Addresses of welcome were made by the mayor and other prominent citizens.

A young people's prayer meeting will be held at the Methodist church, every evening, at 5 P. M.

At the weekly meeting, Wednesday, three persons presented themselves for admission to the Congregational church.

Wm. Giles has returned from a short visit to Meriden, Ct.

Wm. Lawrence has bought the cottage H. A. Moody is building on Chester St.

Our enterprising barber, Owen Caffrey, will put an addition to his shop on Centre St. A. C. Richardson will do the job.

The Athletics will play a nine from the Andover Athletic Club, Saturday, at three o'clock, on the home grounds.

Allan Simpson has been appointed engineer of the J. P. Bradlee No 2. This is a good appointment, as he has proved himself trustworthy and capable of handling the steamer.

The highway surveyor is giving considerable attention to improving our streets.

The calico and overall party of the Retired Sons of Rest last Friday night was quite a success. The floor director and aids were attired in striking suits much like those worn in prisons. A cake walk was one of the features. Thos. Platt was the successful contestant.

The firemen were called out last Saturday for a serious brush fire on Chester St., near Mrs. Walker's new house. By hard work the house was saved though the paint was scorched a little in places. Monday forenoon some maliciously disposed persons started fires on the land of Mr. Almon Moody, damaging growing wood somewhat. The offenders are warned that this crime is punishable by ten years' imprisonment and there is a standing reward for any one who will secure their conviction.

Thos. Stevens has moved into a tenement in the Simmons block. Alfred Rene has gone into A. C. Richardson's new house on Chester St.

The wooden mill of the Ballardvale mills is receiving a coat of paint of an aesthetic shade.

John Hickey bought Thomas Conway's place at auction last Saturday for \$1055. The Hollingworth estate was not sold, the bids being unsatisfactory. The personal property brought fair prices.

Mr. John Fielding of No. Andover was visiting Mr. Benjamin Harrison, Sunday.

Jos. Russell has killed within the past ten days twenty black snakes and two adders, near an old well back of Geo. Pillsbury's barn. The longest was five feet, one inch and the shortest three feet, six inches long. The average length was about four feet, three inches and their combined length was over 94 ft.

Miss Mary Hollingworth has taken up her residence in Boston.

Wm. Burt has purchased a fine horse.

The shoot of the Gun Club last Saturday was held under good conditions and good scores were the rule. Targets: ten bats. W. F. Gledhill made a clean score breaking ten straight birds; Townsend 9, Hoffman 8, Neal and Shattuck 6 each.

NORTH ANDOVER.

NORTH ANDOVER STATION, B. & M. R. R.

Geo. S. Spence, Agent.

TRAINS LEAVE FOR BOSTON. A.M. 7.30, 8.21, 9.33, 9.57. P.M. 12.14, 3.06, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 9.21. SUNDAY: A.M. 8.13, 11.57. P.M. 4.19, 5.36, 7.37.

LEAVE BOSTON FOR NORTH ANDOVER: A.M. 6.00, 7.30, 9.30, 12.02 M. 2.15, 3.20, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 11.00. P.M. SUNDAY: A.M. 8.00. P.M. 6.00, 7.00.

NO. A. TO LOWELL: A.M. 7.30, 8.21, 9.33, 10.57. P.M. 12.14, 3.06, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 7.00, 9.21. SUNDAY: A.M. 8.13, 11.57. P.M. 4.19, 5.36, 8.37.

LOWELL TO NO. A.: A.M. 7.10, 7.35. P.M. 12.15, 3.00, 3.40, 5.10, 6.15, 11.10. SUNDAY: A.M. 8.20. P.M. 7.30.

NO. A. TO SO. LAWRENCE: A.M. 7.30, 7.55, 8.21, 9.22, 9.33, 10.57, 11.57. P.M. 12.14, 12.30, 3.06, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 7.00, 9.21. SUNDAY: A.M. 8.13, 11.57. P.M. 4.19, 5.36, 8.37.

NO. A. TO NO. LAWRENCE: A.M. 7.55, 9.22, 11.57. P.M. 12.30, 4.02, 5.27, 6.56, 9.21. SUNDAY: A.M. 11.57. P.M. 5.36.

NO. LAWRENCE TO NO. A.: A.M. 7.41, 7.50, 8.25. P.M. 1.00, 3.45, 5.50, 11.55. SUNDAY: A.M. P.M. 8.17.

NO. A. TO SALEM: A.M. 7.48, 8.38. P.M. 1.07, 5.58.

SALEM TO NO. A.: A.M. 7.00, 11.32. P.M. 4.48, 6.00.

GOING EAST: A.M. 8.37. P.M. 1.05, 4.18, 5.58. SUNDAY: 7.00 P.M.

NO. A. TO HAVERHILL: A.M. 12.02, 7.15, 7.58, 8.57, 10.37. P.M. 1.05, 3.12, 3.55, 4.18, 5.58, 7.00, 8.03. SUNDAY: A.M. 9.18. P.M. 7.00, 8.25.

HAVERHILL TO NO. A.: A.M. 7.17, 8.10, 9.10, 9.22, 10.45, 11.45. P.M. 12.02, 2.54, 3.50, 5.15, 6.45, 9.10. SUNDAY: A.M. 8.00, 11.45. P.M. 4.08, 5.25, 7.25.

Mrs. Josephine L., wife of Mr. Fred A. Castle, died at her home on Union Heights, Sunday morning, about 9 o'clock, of heart disease from which she had suffered about five weeks. She was born in Lawrence, removing to this town six years ago. Her father, brother, husband and two small children survive her. Funeral services were held at her late home Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev. H. H. Leavitt officiating. Singing by Misses Lizzie M. Saunders and Irene C. Prince and Messrs. Edward Butterworth and Charles Moulton. Interment at Bellevue cemetery, Lawrence. Among the floral tributes were: A basket of cut flowers from a brother and sister; bouquet, Mrs. Hodgekins and Mrs. Thresh; bouquet, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pressey. Bearers, Messrs. Frank and Charles Castle, Frank Pressey, Cumming and Hill.

The Stewards of the M. E. church met Thursday evening and organized as follows: Chairman, Rev. Elias Hodge; clerk, Mr. Wm. Haig; treasurer, Mr. J. M. Towne.

Mr. John J. Mitchell left town Monday to visit friends in New York and Philadelphia. He sails Saturday on the "Aurania," Cunard Line for Buckfastleigh, England, where he is to have charge of the dyeing in the large establishment of Hamlyn Bros.

Messrs. E. C. Buzzell, A. V. Chalk, Lanson Robinson, James Craig, with Misses Lettie Blaisdell, Marion Lawson, Evie Buzzell and Annie Saunders are the committee of arrangements for the public entertainment to be given by the T.A. Society, Friday evening, May 18. A varied musical and literary programme will be offered and the evening's entertainment will conclude with the farce, "A drop too much."

Captain Reeves has designated Mr. Frank A. Coan as Sergeant, and Mr. S. A. O'Brien as Armorer, of Co. L. Messrs. Samuel Hamlin, Alfred Foster and V. B. Watts, voted into the company.

The organization of the board of engineers is the same as last year: chief, Mr. P. P. Daw, clerk, Mr. F. E. Nason.

Mr. Alfred McInnis of Queechy, Vt., was visiting in town Tuesday.

Mr. George L. Harris, while making his rounds with papers early Sunday morning, saw signs of Arbor Day having been improperly celebrated; door-steps, gates, and hitching-posts had wandered from their accustomed places of usefulness.

At a meeting of the Selectmen and Chief of Police in the office of the Town Clerk, Monday, Mr. Daniel Ingalls was drawn to serve on the jury, for the May term of the Superior Court.

Mr. John Danahy died Friday morning, of heart disease, at his home on Water street, having been sick about 4 months. He was born in Co. Kerry, Ireland, has lived in town about 6 years, and has been employed at Davis and Furber's Machine Works. He has also worked in Salem and Lawrence. He leaves two brothers, a wife, and four children. Funeral services were held at St. Michael's church Saturday, and the body was taken to Salem for burial.

Mr. Hiram F. Mills and family have returned to their summer residence in town.

Mr. Frank Jackson removed Monday from his stand on Water St. to the store formerly occupied by Mr. Michael Smith on Maine St. He will continue in the business of fruiterer, in addition to which will be added a stock of boots and shoes. He wishes to thank the public for their past patronage, and will be pleased to see his customers at his new stand.

A number of our townspeople were present at the May breakfast, Lawrence.

Mr. Charles Morton, keeper of the Public Reading Room, reports 527 visitors for the month of April.

An addition has been made to Mr. Wm. McNiff's house on Middlesex St., and will be used as a variety store.

Church and Cross streets have been repaired lately.

The Cricket Club met Monday evening and appointed a committee to secure a suitable place of meeting.

The Y.P.L. and S. Society presented the following programme Friday evening: Piano solo, Miss Della Marston; Reading, part 1, Rip Van Winkle, Mr. Lanson Robinson; part 2, Miss Grace Sanborn; Piano solo, Miss Nellie Stillings; Personals, Miss Annie E. Sanborn; Trio, "Holy Night," Misses Annie and Grace Sanborn and Mr. Lanson Robinson; Quotations by members of society; Essay, "Life Saving Service," Mr. Frank W. Frisbee.

In the absence of the president Mr. Andrew McLean, Mr. Lanson Robinson was chosen president pro tem. Two persons were admitted to membership.

The treasury of Co. L. has been augmented by \$100 from the firm of M. T. Stevens and Sons.

The programme of the T.A.S. Saturday evening was as follows: Readings by Mrs. Martin Dunbar, Misses Annie and Sarah Broadbent, Alice Harris, Mary Adams, Messrs. Martin Dunbar, and Charles Hall; songs, by Miss Hattie Merrow, Mrs. Wm. Halliday, Jr., Messrs Wm. J. Moore, Robert Clark and Daniel McCormick; the latter song was given with a banjo accompaniment by Mr. John Campbell, who afterward gave a banjo solo; duett by Mrs. Halliday, Jr., and Miss Marion Lawson; duett by Misses Woodhouse and Jensen; recitations by Misses Mabel Jennings and Louisa Woodhouse; violin solos, Messrs. Lanson Robinson and George Saunders; harmonica solo by Mr. Ephraim Kershaw; horn and organ solos by Mr. Horace and Miss Alma Downing. The meeting closed with singing by a quartette.

The members of the Cricket Club gathered in their club room Saturday evening, to partake of the opening supper served under the direction of Mr. Frank Jackson. Pres., J. J. Mitchell, Sec., Frank Jackson, and Messrs. Lee, McInnis, Eastwood, Morton and Collier were the committee of arrangements, and the following exercises were presented to while away the evening hours. Address, Pres. Mitchell; song, quartette, Messrs. Mitchell, Lee, Collier, and Eastwood; reading, Mr. Thos. Lancaster; song, Mr. Jas. Morton; duett, Messrs. Lee and Eastwood; song, by the quartette. At this stage of proceedings, Rev. Geo. Walker arose, and with appropriate remarks presented the president, Mr. John Mitchell, in behalf of the club, with a handsome gold-headed cane as a token of his interest in their welfare. Mr. Mitchell fittingly responded.

Song, Mr. Thos. Lee; reading, Mr. Herbert Wright; song, Mr. Jonas Eastwood; song, by the quartette; duett, Messrs. Mitchell and Eastwood; song, Mr. J. Collier; reading, T. Lancaster; trio, Messrs. Mitchell, Lee and Eastwood; song, Mr. Lewis McInnis; song, Mr. T. Lancaster; song, Mr. C. H. Mitchell; song, by the quartette. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" by a chorus closed the entertainment. The departure of Mr. Mitchell causes a loss to the club of a valued and efficient member—one to whom the prosperity of the club is largely due.

Mr. John R. Pollard is negotiating for, and will probably obtain, a lease of the tenement and dry goods store of Mr. J. G. Brown.

Mr. A. P. Cheney has been making alterations in the interior of his store.

Don't forget the Leap Year Party at Stevens Hall to-night. Colby furnishes the music.

Mr. Frank M. Greenwood had the toes of his right foot painfully injured Wednesday, by the wheels of an ice cart, passing over them.

Mr. Cunningham of Boston will rent one of Mrs. D. W. Nutting's houses at the Centre, for the summer.

At the annual meeting of the Ladies' Social Circle connected with the M. E. church, the following officers were elected

FARMING TOOLS and NEW GARDEN SEEDS, Fine Groceries, Etc., T. A. HOLT & Co., Andover and North Andover Centre.

for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. John Pollard; Vice president, Mrs. James Markey; Treasurer, Mrs. Edmunds; Treasurer, Mrs. Leggett; Collector, Mrs. Hinckman; Directresses, Mrs. Laura Smith, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. James Woodhouse, Mrs. John Clark, Mrs. Mizen, Mrs. A. W. Brainard.

A sidewalk has been built from the "Air-Line" to Andover St.

The Village Improvement Society has set out a large number of trees in the enclosed square at the Centre.

Hiram F. Mills, engineer of the Essex Co. has moved to his No. Andover home for the summer.

Road Commissioner Holt has bought a handsome horse from Hanson Bros. of Lowell.

It is with regret that we chronicle the death of Alice M., wife of Mr. Elmer Humphrey who died at her home on Pleasant St., Thursday, about 12 o'clock, after an illness of short duration. A husband and a young child survive her.

ABBOT ACADEMY Piano Recitals.

Mr. CARL BAERMANN

will give the First Concert at the
Town Hall, Andover,
MAY 7, 3.45 P. M.

Second Concert announced Later.

Tickets to both Concerts, \$1.50. To one, \$1.00.

Tickets may be bought at Andover
Book Store and at the door.

TOWN HALL, ANDOVER,
Wednesday Eve'g, May 9,

CONCERT

—BY THE—

HARVARD FRESHMEN GLEE CLUB.

Tickets, 35 and 50 Cents.

Tickets on sale at the Andover Book
Store after May 5.

FOR SALE!

An Excellent Work Horse. Inquire of
JOHN M. CHEEVER.

H. McLAWLIN,
—AGENT FOR—
Bradley Mowing Machine,
N. Y. Champion Horse Rake,
Thomas Tedder,
Breeds Universal Weeder.
NORTH AMERICAN AND YANKEE PLOWS.

A good assortment of
Farming Tools,
Akron Drain Pipe,
Garden Seeds,
Poultry & Fly Netting.

Main Street, Andover, Mass.

PIANO FOR SALE!

A handsome Emerson piano will be sold
at a sacrifice as party is about to move away,
used about a year, address K, TOWNSMAN.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

W. O. Dakin's Wyandottes and Knapp Bro's.
W. Leghorns, 75 CENTS PER SETTING. All orders
delivered. P. O. Box 254.

GEORGE A. TROW,

WEST PARISH.

MISS O. W. NEAL.

LADIES OF ANDOVER
ARE INVITED TO CALL AND SEE

NEW STYLES SPRING MILLINERY.

Stamping and Embroidery Materials. Agent for
Domestic Patterns and Barrett's Dye House.

MAIN STREET, ANDOVER.

FOR SALE.

A good Ayshire Cow with Calf by her
side. Apply to

Frank Williamson Green St.

HOUSE LOTS.

For sale on Maple Avenue.

Inquire of
H. A. BODWELL.

TO LET.

A furnished tenement of eight rooms, at
the W. P. FOSTER farm.

Apply at
51 Central Street. ANDOVER.

FOR SALE.

A faultless and elegantly bound copy of the re-
cently published "History of Essex County" may
be had for \$10. Subscription price \$18.

ADDRESS, LOCK BOX F.

Andover.

POETRY.

The Sin of Omission.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartstone counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you have had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
Each chill, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
At the setting of the sun.

—Margaret E. Saugster.

Nobody knows but Mother.

Nobody knows how the children fret,
Of the little trials daily met;
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody knows of the mother's tears,
Of the heartfelt prayers and the anxious fears;
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody knows of the daily cares,
Of the daily troubles which some one bears,
Nobody knows—but mother.

The constant worries of every day,
That furlow the cheek and make the hair gray;
Nobody knows—but mother.

—Belle Ames, in Boston Traveller.

SELECTIONS.

A Romance of the Sea.

An extraordinary story was published some weeks ago of the means employed by a company of shipwrecked sailors to inform the world of their perilous plight on a little island almost within sight of Antarctic ice. The story came from official sources in France, and was to the effect that the French government had been informed by the British ambassador in Paris that word had been received from the Governor of West Australia that on September 22d last a dead albatross had been found on the beach at Fremantle, around whose neck was fastened a small piece of metal, on which had been scratched in French:

"Thirteen shipwrecked men took refuge upon the Crozet Islands, August 4, 1887."

The story excited some incredulity. The Crozet Islands are hundreds of miles south of Madagascar, far out of the ordinary track of ships. Whalers are about the only vessels that visit this vast southern waste of waters. It was, indeed, a wonderful series of fortunate events if castaways on these far-away islands had found a winged messenger which, unconsciously exerting in their behalf his far-famed powers of endurance on the wing, had carried their tidings over thousands of miles of sea, with few opportunities to rest on the way, and had finally dropped dead, probably of exhaustion, on the shores of a civilized land.

Considering the source from which the information was derived, the French government promptly decided that there could be no doubt that this albatross, with its important message had been found at Fremantle, which is one of the larger towns in southwestern Australia. The French minister of marine at once sent orders to the commander of the naval division of the Indian ocean to dispatch the transport "Meurthe" as soon as possible to the Crozets to search for the castaways. The strange story was published in the Paris newspapers, and the next day a communication came from the commercial house of Bordes and Son of Bordeaux saying that they had reason to fear that the thirteen sailors on the Crozets were the crew of their three-master "Tamaris," which had sailed many months before for New Caledonia in the Pacific. She was some time overdue. Her owners had expected her to take a course not far from

the Crozet Islands, and her crew numbered thirteen persons. This information gave additional interest and probability to the story. The British Government decided to take part also in the search, and her majesty's ship "Thalia," which was about to leave England for Australia, was ordered to go out of her course to call at the Crozet Islands.

It is now possible to give the sequel of this romance of the sea. The French transport "Meurthe," returning from her search early this year, reached the bay of Diego Suarez, in North Madagascar, January 6. On that day her commander wrote a report of her voyage. He said that the first of the Crozet Islands at which he touched was the little island of Cochous. He found no human beings there, but plenty of evidence that the island had recently been occupied. Traces of recent camp-fires and biscuit-boxes and other debris, comparatively fresh in appearance, were scattered around. A heap of stones had been piled up to attract attention, and in this heap was a sheet of paper on which this communication had been written in French with a lead pencil:

"The iron ship 'Tamaris,' of Bordeaux, with thirteen men in the crew, went ashore on the island of Cochous during a heavy fog. Some time after she got clear and floated off, but three hours later she filled and sank. The crew escaped in two small boats to the island, taking with them 100 kilograms of biscuit. The crew have lived on Cochous Island nine months, and their food being exhausted they are about to set out for Possession Island. September 30, 1887."

Possession Island, which is also one of the Crozet group, is eighty miles from Cochous. The "Meurthe" at once went to that island but found no trace whatever of the shipwrecked men. Then she went to East Island, another island of the group, where she found some American whalers that had been there for some weeks. They had neither seen nor heard anything of the castaways. All the other islands in those waters were visited without result. It is firmly believed that the unfortunate men were lost in their perilous passage by small boats to Possession Island though there is a bare chance that they were picked up by some American whaler.

Of course the two hundred and thirty pounds of biscuit with which the men reached Cochous Island was only a small part of the provision they required during their nine months' sojourn there. At least one other crew has been shipwrecked on the Crozets, and it subsisted until rescued on penguin flesh and eggs and fish. In this way, doubtless, the men of the "Tamaris" eked out their food resources, and it is not probable they would have starved had their patience held out a little longer until relief came. They probably thought at Possession Island the chances would be better that some whaler would discover them. They knew there was not one chance in many thousands that the albatross bird to whom they intrusted their brief message would carry it safely and quickly thousands of miles to the civilized world. They little dreamed that eight days before they set out from the desolate rock where they had lived so forlornly the bird they sent skimming over the waters had finished his wonderful flight and had told the world of their unhappy situation.

Hurry is not Business.

You are overwhelmed with the cares of business; you are always at work. The fact is, more than half you do and spend your time and struggle on, isn't business at all. You'll stand and talk with a man for half an hour when neither of you have anything to say, and when you're through you'll suddenly recollect that you're too late for your train or your interview with somebody else. Then you rush off in a hurry. You carry hurry with you. You infect everybody with it you meet. You carry on your interviews in a hurry, thinking all the time of the next thing you've got to do. You leave the business concerned in that interview about half done, because you were not able to fix or centre your mind wholly on it. You leave business with tags and loose ends. You are always in a fret and worry because of the consequences of your hurried state of mind—and you call this "business." You have "forty things" to think of and do at once. You shouldn't have forty things to do at once. You should have only one thing to do at once. That's business. You mislay things. You forget things.

You lose time and strength in looking for them. You get your thread in a tangle. Instead of a properly wound ball and you call the tangle business. You carry a tangle around with you in your head and call it business. You carry your tangle to bed with you. You think it over and over. The same old tangle all night, instead of sleeping as you should to get strength for to-morrow, and you call that "business." Real business is making a business of sleep when the time comes to sleep and not going to work when you should go to sleep. You have no more business carrying your work to bed with you than a wood sawyer has to carry his saw and buck to bed with him. You're a worry and a pressure and a nuisance at times to your friends and those who are trying to be your friends in always talking about the load you have to carry in your business. The less of a load business is to a man, the better he does business. More real business can be done in five minutes than you do sometimes in five hours. You'd get along and do well if you didn't carry your brains as loosely as you do your papers in your hat. Your brains, like your papers, are always flying away when you take your hat off. You're a cyclone, you are—plenty of force, wind, which could, properly applied, sail a ship or run a windmill; but the way you let it on tears things all to pieces—including yourself.—*Waverly Magazine.*

Burdette's Railroad Observations.

Bane of all banes in this transitory world, is baggage. I have had griefs to stir a mutiny in the blood of age, all on account of a valise weighing not more than forty pounds. I have had sorrow and vexation of spirit, days of anxiety and nights of waking because of trunks, not lost, but gone before or left behind.

"But," says Mr. Newtraveller, "there is no necessity for having any trouble with baggage in this country. You can check your trunks from your hotel in New York and find them at your hotel in San Francisco when you arrive."

So you can. So you can. If they are there.

I will admit at the outset that I am somewhat absent-minded, and hence unfit to be trusted with the care of my own baggage. Once I went away from Oberlin, O., leaving all my worldly belongings on the station platform, and for three days thereafter I wandered up and down the land without a check on my baggage or conduct; but the agent at Oberlin, assisted by the express company, overtook me with my lecture, night robe and dress suit, and all was well. In ten years of wandering I never lost a pound of baggage. But, oh, the times the baggage has lost me. We always meet again; but even with the hope, or even the certainty, of meeting by and by, parting with one's baggage is a pang, and the hours of waiting are long and heavy.

Sometimes it gets "carried by." This feat is deftly accomplished by the baggage man on the train. It consists in carrying a trunk checked for Kankakee on to Chicago, then taking it back to Cincinnati on the return train, and bringing it back to Kankakee two days after you have gone to Denver. A good baggage-man, who understands his business, can keep a trunk going up and down the road for ballast until the train gets wrecked or the owner of the trunk dies and his heirs pay the railroad company something for extra baggage.

There is one ministering presence that hovers over the wanderer like a guardian spirit, and never abandons him so long as there remains even the faint hope of a sale. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, there is nothing so constant as the train boy. It were folly to talk of abolishing him, for he is almost indispensable. But frequently he needs regulating. I admired a lady whom I saw the other day on a train running out of Indianapolis. The boy threw in her lap, as he did into the laps of all the patient passengers, a bound book, a box of figs and a rolling-pin full of candy. She calmly swept the assortment off upon the floor. On his return trip the indignant boy remonstrated. "Lady," he said, "I didn't bring these things into the car to have them thrown on the floor." "And I," said the lady sweetly, "didn't bring my lap into the car for a table." I hold that, under the inter-state law, passengers

should be allowed full control of their own laps, and the railway companies have no right to use them. A man doesn't pay full fare for the privilege of being used as a sample-room of the railway news company.

Watch the old lady leave the car. She has her basket, her bag, her bird cage and her umbrella. With her basket she can push a man clear over the back of a car seat. With her bag she can slap his hat over his eyes without looking at him. With her bird cage she can muss the hair of any woman whom she passes. And with her umbrella she can stab people before her in the back and put out the eyes of people behind her. She sets out to leave the car by the front door. But only one or two people seemed to be going that way, and, turning her head, she sees a lot of people crowding into the car by the rear door. Instantly it occurs to her that a route so popular must be the best. She turns and charges down the aisle. The incoming passengers, coveting earnestly the best seats, struggle fiercely to reach them. The old lady, fixing her piercing eyes upon the rear door, makes way for liberty and egress. People cry out: "The other way!" And the old lady wonders why they don't go that way themselves, then. It flashes upon her, with the light of a revelation. It is a plot to get her out of the lonely end of the car, where four masked men with blackened faces are awaiting to rob and murder her, a id then whisk her off into a private lunatic asylum. She remembers now seeing the conductor go out at that door, and beckon to her to follow him. He is in league with the robbers. She will gain the rear door or die. She crashes and plunges through the in-coming procession, leaving a chaotic wreck of raiment and baggage in her wake and reaches the door at last, herself a wreck. With a triumphant glare at the baffled conductor, who has come into the car to look for her, the dear old soul backs down the car steps, hangs on to the hand rail, and reaching down and out with one foot, feels around for the planet we inhabit. Finding the globe at last, she taps it cautiously with her foot once or twice, to make sure that it is there and will not suddenly shoot away into space as she comes down, and so descends, stands safely on the platform, and in her blessed old heart gives grateful thanks for her safe deliverance, and carries her sweet old face, her many bundles, and her capacious pockets up to some home that will lose three-fifths of its sunshine when grandma makes her last journey and is received without a bundle or package, a trouble or a fear, by the angels who must grow a little impatient waiting for her.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

BOOKS AND READING.

The *Century*, the May number of which is just issued, which, by the way, begins the thirty-sixth volume of the magazine, has three specialties just now, the War of the Rebellion, Life on the Range, and Life in Russia. The last is first in this number. Mr. Kennan, whose papers on Russian prisons has been read with so much interest in recent issues of the *Century*, commences a new series of articles on Siberia and the exile system. In this article our traveller tells us the plan of his adventurous journey into the land of exiles, and gets safely across the Russian Frontier. If this installment is a fair pledge of what is to follow, the story will be more fascinating than fiction—besides being true, which ought to count for something. Theodore Roosevelt's article is entitled, *Sheriff's Work on a Ranch*,—a title which does not belie the narrative. The life of Abraham Lincoln takes up The Border States, vividly describing the conflict in Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky, at the outbreak of the war. Col. Fox's paper on The Chances of being hit in Battle is of peculiar interest. The Locomotive Chase in Georgia is a most thrilling story of a Union raiding train between Atlanta and Chattanooga, pursued—and successfully—by a Confederate engine. Mr. Eggleston's *The Graysons* is still continued, and Henry James gives half of a new story—*The Liar*. Matthew Arnold's address in St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the unveiling of the Milton Memorial Window is given in full. [Century Co., New York; \$4 a year.]

We are glad to call attention again to Ginn's Classics for Children, reproducing in neat, small volumes some of the valuable productions of English literature, accompanied by sketches and helps of different kinds, written in the most compact style, yet sufficient to place before the young reader all necessary information about the book and the author. For instance, we have before us five volumes of the series. *The Merchant of Venice* has a sketch of Shakespeare's life by Dr. Hudson, the prince of Shakespearean critics, and of the play itself taken from Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare*. The text is a clear type with marginal explanations of obsolete or difficult phrases.

Tales from Shakespeare, just referred to, compose another volume of the series, and furnish brief but most satisfactory sketches of the principal plays of the great dramatist. The charming simplicity of Charles Lamb's style is everywhere seen in these sketches, and our interest in them is enhanced by knowing that they were written in part by Mary Lamb, although her name has not until now been placed upon the title page. Lamb's own prediction is now fulfilled fifty years after his death—"I think it will be popular with the young people."

Selections from Irving's Sketch Book is edited by Homer B. Sprague and contains *The Voyage*, *Westminster Abbey*, *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Widow and her Son*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Christmas Eve*. Added to each are questions to recall to the student the principal topics of the selection.

The other two books are Charles Kingsley's *Greek Heroes*, which he dedicates "To my children, Rose, Maurice, and Mary," and his *Water Babies*, which he inscribes in the same pleasant way "To my youngest son, Graville Arthur, and to all other good little boys." The writings of this delightful and lamented author will continue to instruct and please many children of smaller and larger growth in other lands and generations than his own.

All of these books are of cheap price (25 to 50 cts.), and although primarily intended for the use of school-classes are equally suitable for children in any family. We wish any word of ours would increase the popularity of these books and similar ones, as being more entertaining, as well as vastly more healthful, for our young folks than the miserable bosh and hash and trash which so many are left to feed upon. [E. Ginn & Co., Boston.]

We have the annual catalogue of our Theological Seminary, just printed by the Andover Press. It contains the names of fifty students. Rev. William H. Ryder's name appears on the roll of the Faculty as Associate Professor (elect) of Sacred Literature.

We have received also a brief but valuable paper, entitled *Congregational Churches in Nova Scotia*, read before the Massachusetts Historical Society by Dr. Samuel A. Green, and relating to ministers in that province in the last century; Geo. E. Littlefield's (67 Cornhill) *Catalogue of Old, Rare and Curious Books*, including a long list in the line of local and genealogical history; a *catalogue of the Sunday School Library* in the ancient First church at Danvers Centre ("Salem Village"), with cuts of the five successive meeting-houses from 1672 on the covers—a grand idea for any Sunday School; copies of the Cincinnati *Musical Visitor*, one of the managers of which is James R. Murray, formerly a well known organist and music teacher in Andover; and an illustrated *Prospectus of the History of North Brookfield, Mass.*

The *Treasury* for May has its usual variety of matter for pastor and people, including a sermon by Rev. David Gregg of Park Street church on *The Way to honor our patriotic dead*. [New York, E. B. Treat; \$2.50 a year.]

The last number of the current volume of *Good Housekeeping* contains an index of all the varied and valuable contents of that remarkable periodical for the past six months. Any lady who binds these numbers has a volume in which she can find anything in the line of "good housekeeping" from Autumn Pickles and Blacking a Stove to Thanksgiving Turkey and War on Roaches!

OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

The Churches.

Rev. C. H. Cutler of Bangor preached at the South church last Sunday morning from John 14: 9, "Hast thou not known Me?" The pastor preached in the evening from Heb. 4: 2, "Profitless Preaching."

At the West church, Rev. F. W. Greene preached from Rom. 1: 16, "Not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," and "there was a praise service in the evening."

At Christ church, the rector preached in the morning from John 10: 16—"One flock and one Shepherd"—and in the evening from Prov. 8: 36, the sin against Divine Wisdom.

Rev. J. V. Stratton at the Baptist church preached from 2 Pet. 3: 16, "Wrestling the Scriptures."

Father Ryan preached from John 16: 5, "I go my way to Him that sent Me."

At the Free church Rev. F. B. Makepeace preached from John 6: 20—"Herod feared John"—the testimony of conscience to the right, and in the evening there was a missionary concert.

Professor W. J. Tucker closed his series of sermons on Christ and Christianity by a discourse on Mark 12: 6-8,—the possibility that men may reject Christ. The rejection of a formal Christianity is not necessarily the rejection of Christ; there have been times in the history of the church, when that was the only way of accepting the real Christ. Nor does the formal acceptance of Christianity preclude the rejection of Christ. Christianity may be accepted as historical truth, and as a code of morals, and there be still no acceptance of Christ. He considered the unreasonableness of rejecting Christ, the way in which men reject Him, and how the result is made manifest. We are confronted not simply by the everlasting "must" of law, but by the infinite power of Christ, saying "you can." Christianity is the religion of the great opportunity—after opportunity, judgment; after opportunity, finality. The opportunity is now. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice." The afternoon address was upon the incident of the washing of the disciples' feet,—the dignity of lowly duties.

Of theological students who preached last Sabbath, Mr. S. V. Cole was at the First church, Chicopee; Mr. A. D. Smith at Merrimack, N. H.; Mr. I. W. Cole at Amherst, N. H.; Mr. W. Slade at West Newbury; Mr. D. McDermid at Auburn, R. I.; Mr. E. H. Chandler at West Manchester, N. H.; Mr. T. M. Edmonds at Shirley; Mr. E. A. Keep at Bedford, N. H.

Mr. F. B. Noyes of the middle class in the theological seminary is to have the charge of a church in Alden, Iowa, during the coming summer; and Mr. J. L. Quimby of the junior class is commissioned for like work in Isle au Haut, Maine.

Allen E. Cross of Manchester has accepted an invitation to deliver a poem at the Federal Constitution centennial to be held in Concord in June.

The American Missionary has in its May number the acknowledgment of \$100 from the South church, Andover, and a barrel of clothing from the ladies' society of the church for Tougaloo University.

The Sailors' Magazine for May has, among its contributions to the Seamen's Friend Society, \$10 from a member of the South church, Andover, and \$25 from the Ladies' Benevolent Society in North Andover, for a sailors' library.

Rev. Charles Smith.

At the recent meeting of the Andover Conference at Lowell, Resolutions in memory of the late Rev. Charles Smith, reported by a Committee consisting of Rev. J. W. Haley, Dr. J. P. Gulliver, and Rev. H. T. Rose, were unanimously adopted. Dr. A. W. Burnham, the Secretary of the Conference, has sent them to us for publication:

WHEREAS, our beloved brother and fellow laborer, Rev. Charles Smith of Andover, has been removed by death since the last session of the Andover Conference: therefore

Resolved, that we, elders and messengers of the churches in conference assembled, desire to put on record our loving appreciation of the character and worth of our departed brother; our high regard for him as an able minister of the New Testament; a clear thinker, and convince

ing reasoner, and a kind and judicious counsellor; in a word, as one who in the pulpit, in the halls of legislation, and in private life, served faithfully his generation by the will of God, and whose memory is fragrant with blessing.

Resolved, that we tender to the bereaved family our sympathy and condolence, and pray that the God of all comfort may abundantly bless them, and enable them to "sorrow not as others which have no hope," and that the mantle of our departed brother's virtues may rest upon surviving laborers in the Gospel vineyard.

Calvin, the Congregationalist.

An aged resident who has inherited from a ministerial ancestry an ancient portrait of the great theologian, has condensed a sketch of him into a few sentences:

Calvin was a member of the Sovereign Council of Geneva, and a legislator. He consoled the persecuted for righteousness sake. He was professor of theology, and delivered three lectures a week. His likeness taken at the time he was living marks him as a man of power. At an assembly called the Congregation, this original Congregationalist addressed the evangelical ministry every Friday. His writings were voluminous; several hundred sermons of Calvin are preserved in the Public Library of Geneva. This perseverance in the evangelical church at home and abroad, and among Protestant exiles, proved his devotion and his faith. His activity and success have been acknowledged through the world by Congregationalists.

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*From South side.

ANDOVER TO SALEM. A. M. 7.32, arrive in Salem 8.40. P. M. 12.53 ar. 2.03; 5.45 ar. 6.55.

SALEM TO ANDOVER. A. M. 7.00 arrive in Andover, 8.33; 11.32 ar. 1.35. P. M. 4.43 ar. 5.50; 6.00 ar. 7.12. Via Wakefield Junction, 10.35 ar. 11.30; 1.55 ar. 3.06.

GOING EAST. A. M. 7.02 H. 7.32 N. 8.23, 9.00, 10.24 H. P. M. 12.53 N. 1.23, 3.42 N. 4.05, 5.45, 6.47 N. 7.53 H. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06 H. P. M. 6.47, 8.05 H.

H. to Haverhill only. N. connects to Newburyport.

GOING NORTH, VIA MANCHESTER. A. M. 8.23. P. M. 12.44, 3.00, 5.45. SUNDAY: A. M. 9.06. P. M. 6.47.

ANDOVER POST OFFICE.

WM. G. Goldsmith, P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: for Boston, New York, South and West, 7.30, 12.45; for Lawrence, 8.00, 3.45; for East, 8.45; for North, 9.30, 3.45.

MAILS OPEN: from Boston, 9, 1.30, 4.30, 5, 7.15; from Lawrence, 8.30, 1.30, 6, 7.45; from East, 1.30, 7.45; from North, 1.30, 6.

HOURS: 7 A. M. to 8 P. M. Money order office, 8 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. Legal Holidays, open 8 to 9.30 A. M.

THE MARKETS.

Local Retail Markets.

Corrected Weekly by Andover Dealers.

Flour, Haxall,	\$6.75 to \$6.00
" St. Louis,	5.00 to 5.25
Corn, per bag,	1.50
Meal " "	1.40
" oat, per lb.	31-2c. to 41-2c.
Oats, per bag,	95c. to 1.00c.
Shorts, per 100 lbs.	\$1.20 to \$1.25
Tea,	25c. to 80c.
Coffee,	24c. to 33c.
Sugar, gran.	7 1-2 c. to 8c.
" brown,	6c. to 7c.
Butter,	22c. to 35c.
Cheese,	16c. to 17c.
Eggs,	to 22c.
Lard,	10c. to 11c.
Potatoes, per bu.,	to \$1.10
Onions, " peck,	60c.
Beans, " "	60c. to 85c.
Cranberries, per bu.	\$2.50 to 3.20
Apples, per bbl.,	\$1.50 to 2.50
Ham, per lb.,	12c. to 14c.
Pork, roast,	12c. to 14c.
" salt,	14c.
Beef, roast,	10c. to 28c.
" steak,	15c. to 28c.
Lamb roast,	14c. to 20c.
" chops,	15c. to 25c.
Veal,	10c. to 20c.
Sausages,	12 to 14c.
Chickens,	15c. to 25c.
Fowls,	17c.
Turkeys,	17c. to 20c.
Codfish,	6c. to 10c.
" dry,	7c. to 11c.
Halibut,	12c. to 18c.
Haddock,	4c. to 6c.
Clams, per qt.,	25c.
Oysters, " "	30c. to 40c.
Hay, per 100 lbs.,	\$5c. to \$1.00
Straw, " "	\$1.10 to \$1.20
Coal, furnace, per ton,	\$7.00
" egg,	\$7.25
" stove,	\$7.50
Wood, hard, per cord,	\$6.00 to \$6.50
" soft, "	\$4.50

ANDOVER NEWS.

Special Notices.

The West Parish Juvenile Missionary Society meets Saturday afternoon, 3 o'clock, at Mr. William Burt's.

Professor Tucker preaches at the Chapel

next Sunday. Communion service in the afternoon.

Communion service at South church, directly after morning service, Sunday next.

Communion service at Free church, Sunday P. M., 1.30 o'clock.

Prof. Carl Baermann's Piano Recital at Town Hall, Monday afternoon, 3.45 o'clock; Prof. S. M. Downs, Musical Director.

21st Means Prize Competition at Academy Hall, Tuesday evening, May 8, 7.45 o'clock. Orchestra and Glee club will furnish music.

Creamery meeting, Thursday evening, lower town hall, 7.30 o'clock.

Harvard Glee Club concert at Town Hall, Wednesday evening, May 9, 7.45 o'clock.

The South church Christian Endeavor Society has elected as officers for the ensuing six months, Pres., Huntley Spaulding; Vice Pres., Henry Barnard; Sec., Miss Fannie Berry; Treas., Miss Elsie Gilbert.

J. A. Burt, who has been in the Boston office of the Tyer Rubber Co., has been transferred to the home office here. His place in Boston is filled by Harry Noyes.

Andover Council A.O.U.W. will give a concert in the Grand Army hall, Monday evening, May 14.

Anderson & Bowman have already outgrown the accommodations of their shop on Punchard Ave. and this week have moved into the old stand of A. R. Frame on Park St. Here they have increased facilities not only for their shoeing, but for general jobbing and carriage work.

The new board of engineers assumed control of the fire department last Tuesday, and organized Wednesday evening by the choice of John L. Smith, chief, and L. T. Hardy, clerk. Both companies of the local branch of the department were disbanded and the members were instructed to organize a new company of twenty men to have charge of the steamer and the hook and ladder truck. The old members of the engine company were elected to the new, and the additional new members, A. McTernan, J. F. Cole, W. B. Morse, Frank Hodges, W. L. Frye, Ballard Holt and T. P. Harriman. Thursday evening the new company organized as follows: J. F. Morse, foreman; N. A. Merrill, 1st Asst., in charge of the Ladder truck; W. H. McTernan, 2nd Asst.; Geo. S. Holderness, clerk; E. Pike, J. F. Cole and T. P. Harriman, standing committee.

Surveyor Hayward is doing a good piece of work on Essex St., both on the road-bed and the gutters.

Jas. B. Smith, John L. Smith, and J. N. Cole were the delegates to the Republican district convention in Lowell on Wednesday; and the first named was on the committee of credentials.

A few photographs of Rev. Charles Smith have been left at the Andover Bookstore for such friends as may desire to obtain them. The likeness is a very excellent one.

Advertised Letters, April 30, 1888.

Persons calling, will please give the date of this list.

Abbott, P. P.	McDonald, C.
Boynton, B. H.	" Christena
Barnard, D.	Malcolm, H.
Bailey, M. J.	McMullen, Annie
J. C. C.	Moon, Mary F.
Cole, A. L.	Morrow, Annie
Driscoll, Mary	Perkins, Kittie
Field, Joseph	Russell, Hannah
Harrington, Mrs.	Sheldon, G. A.
Higgins, A. W.	Sherman, D.
Hall, J. F.	Simonds, R.
Huckman, E. J.	Vittum, Warren
Irving, J. F.	Waldo, Mary F.
Knowlin, M. A.	Wilkins, A. A.

Rev. Geo. T. Walker.

WILLIAM G. GOLDSMITH, P. M.

BIRTHS.

In Ballardvale, May 1, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Komischky.

In Andover, April 22, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Davis.

In Andover, April 30, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James Morton.

DEATHS.

In Andover (Marland Village), April 20, Mrs. Agnes (McIntosh) Lord, wife of Mr. Joseph Lord, aged 21 years.

In North Andover, April 29, of heart disease, Josephine L. Castle, aged 28 years.

In Lawrence, April 20, Mr. Henry F. Barnard, aged 60, a former resident of Andover.

In Salem, April 29, Mr. Jonathan Perley, a veteran book-binder, aged 78.

In Marblehead, April 28, Capt. Peter Savory, aged 76, a well-known "skipper."

In Wenham, April 30, Mr. Samuel Clark, aged 91.

The Towns Around us.

Boxford is presumably the banner town in the observance of Arbor Day. About ninety trees were planted on that day, and at noon the ladies gave the tree-planters a dinner in the vestry. In Salem, sixty trees were set out on Loring Avenue, and a few on the Common, with one quince in North Salem, dedicated to Quincy Adams, but nothing is said about any dinner.

Dr. Gorton, Supt of the Danvers Insane Asylum, has resigned to take a similar position in Providence, R. I.

Wakefield is arranging for the introduction of an electric light system.

At Pevey Brothers brass foundry, Lowell, a heated brass rod exploded while three men were at work on it, badly injuring them all, killing one.

The Salem Gazette has a complimentary notice of a lecture at Wenham, on Eastern Customs, delivered by Mr. H. C. Bulbulian, a recent student in the Seminary here.

Ipswich has no public house open—for the first time, it is said, within the memory of man. The oldest man in Ipswich now is Mr. Asa Lord, aged 92 who has been in business at the same stand for 63 years.

A sad accident occurred in the Russell Paper Mills, Lawrence, Saturday last. A rotary boiler exploded, fatally burning Michael Melvin, and injuring Robert Evans.

500 POUNDS

- OF -

Note Paper

18 CTS. PER POUND,

To Close Out.

JOHN N. COLE,

STATIONER,

Main Street, - Andover, Mass.

Mrs. M. L. RAMSDELL,

Stamping and Embroidery Goods.

Worsted, Fancy Goods, Small-Wares.

etc. etc.

AGENT FOR

Butterick's Patterns, and Pearl Rug-Maker.

37 Main Street, Near cor. of Chestnut.
Andover, Mass.

L. S. WATERMAN,
FLORIST.

None too early to put out pansies. They are not injured by a slight frost.

5 Cents a Plant.

All the bedding out plants for the same price.

HIGH STREET, - - ANDOVER, MASS.

SMITH & MANNING,

Dry Goods & Fine Groceries,

Flour, Grain, Garden Seeds,
Pure Grass Seeds.

All of the desirable

COMMERCIAL FERTILIZERS,

Stockbridge, Bowkers, etc.

Ammoniated Bone, Plaster, Etc.,

All as Cheap as the Cheapest.

SMITH & MANNING,

ESSEX ST.,

ANDOVER, MASS.

SPRING 1888.

J. M. BRADLEY

Invites the gentlemen of Andover to inspect his full and desirable line of

SUITINGS

FOR

SPRING

- AND -

SUMMER.

Recent large additions of

FINE FURNISHING GOODS

Make my line very Complete.

Latest Styles in Hats.

J. M. BRADLEY,

Main St., Andover.

CARRIAGES FOR SALE!

1 Square Wagon, holds 6 barrels; 1 Heavy Wagon, holds 10 barrels; 1 Phaeton, 1 Democrat, 1 Open Buggy all in good repair.

C. H. BREEN,
PARK STREET, ANDOVER, MASS.

All Kinds of Rubber Foot Wear at

BROWN'S

The Empress High Arctic are the best
OVERSHOES

Made for Ladies' Wear.

Swift's Building, Main Street.
ANDOVER.

Engraving on Metal Made Easy!

Perfect Guide! Everything Furnished!
Send two 2c. stamps for particulars and
Samples of Engraving.

P. O. Box, 798, Middletown, Conn.

ANY ONE

wanting washing and ironing neatly done, call on
MRS. H. CUMMINGS,
No. 1 SCHOOL STREET, OPPOSITE DEPOT.

FOR SALE ON SCHOOL STREET.

A NEW HOUSE, well built and convenient,
containing 15 rooms, beside bath-room with hot and
cold water—one room on each floor provided with
open fireplace.

The lot of land contains about 15000 feet, with fruit
and shade trees.

Location one of the Best in Town.

For terms apply to

HORACE WILSON,

SCHOOL STREET, ANDOVER, OFF. ABBOT ACADEMY.

COCHICHEWICK LAKE ICE.

ADAMS & DAW of North Andover wish to inform
the citizens of Andover, North Andover and vicinity
that they are prepared to deliver

PURE LAKE ICE

to families and others. Orders for Andover left at
R. M. Abbott's, corner of Summer Street and Punchard
Avenue will be promptly attended to.

EDWARD ADAMS.

JAMES DAW.